

WOLVERINE[®]

ORIGINS[™]

WAY
DILLON

MARVEL[®]
6 .com



WOLVERINE ORIGINS

PREVIOUSLY:

LOGAN. JAMES HOWLETT. WEAPON X. WOLVERINE. A MUTANT WHOSE GIFT IS THE HUNT—AIDED BY AN UNUSUAL SKELETON, SAVAGE CLAWS, HEIGHTENED SENSES, AND A HEALING ABILITY CAPABLE OF MIRACLES. BRAINWASHED, TORTURED, AND INJURED BEYOND ANY NORMAL MAN'S ABILITY TO SURVIVE, WOLVERINE HAS NOT JUST ENDURED FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, HE HAS GROWN STRONGER.

BUT LOGAN'S DEEPEST SCARS CUT TO HIS VERY SOUL. ONCE STRIPPED OF HIS MEMORIES BY UNKNOWN FORCES, WOLVERINE POSSESSED ONLY PHANTOM RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS PAST, HAZY IMPRESSIONS OF WHO HE REALLY WAS, WHERE HE HAD COME FROM, AND WHAT HE HAD LOST.

WHEN THOSE MEMORIES SUDDENLY RETURNED TO HIM, HOWEVER, IT WAS BOTH A BLESSING AND A CURSE. WHILE THE PUZZLE OF HIS PAST BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE, CERTAIN PIECES REMAINED OUT OF FOCUS. PRINCIPAL AMONG THEM: THE IDENTITY—AND WHEREABOUTS—OF THOSE WHO HAD WRONGED HIM.

LOGAN'S MISSION LED HIM FROM THE INNER HALLS OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE GRIM JUNGLES OF VIETNAM AND AN ENCOUNTER WITH FRANK SIMPSON, A.K.A. "NUKE." IN THE ENSUING MELEE, CAPTAIN AMERICA WAS DRAWN ONTO THE BATTLEFIELD AS WELL AND WOUNDED LOGAN WITH HIS OWN MURAMASA BLADE—THE ONLY WEAPON ON EARTH THAT CAN KILL HIM. THE PAIN SENT LOGAN INTO AN UNCONTROLLABLE BERSERKER RAGE AND WOULD HAVE LIKELY COST CAPTAIN AMERICA HIS LIFE IF NOT FOR THE TIMELY INTERVENTION OF EMMA FROST AND THE X-MEN.

AND THEN EMMA DROPPED THE BOMBSHELL: LOGAN HAS A SON.

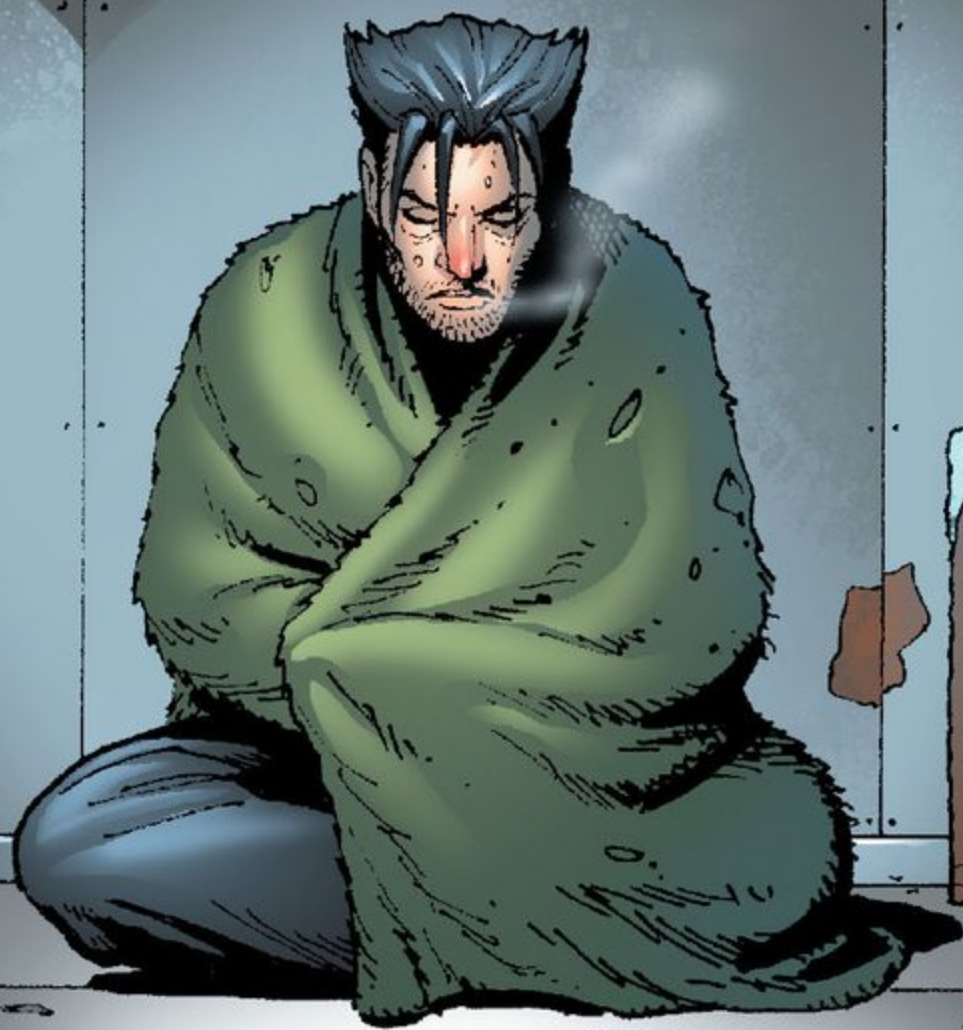
EMMA'S REVELATION SNAPPED LOGAN OUT OF HIS RAGE AND FORCED HIM TO REASSESS HIS QUEST FOR VENGEANCE. FEARING HE MIGHT BE MANIPULATED INTO LOSING CONTROL AGAIN OR USE THE DEADLY MURAMASA BLADE AGAINST HIS SON, HE SURRENDERED THE WEAPON TO SCOTT SUMMERS, A.K.A. CYCLOPS, FOR SAFEKEEPING...

I CAN FEEL
IT ALL AROUND
ME...LIKE A FOG.



DEATH.

REAL
DEATH.

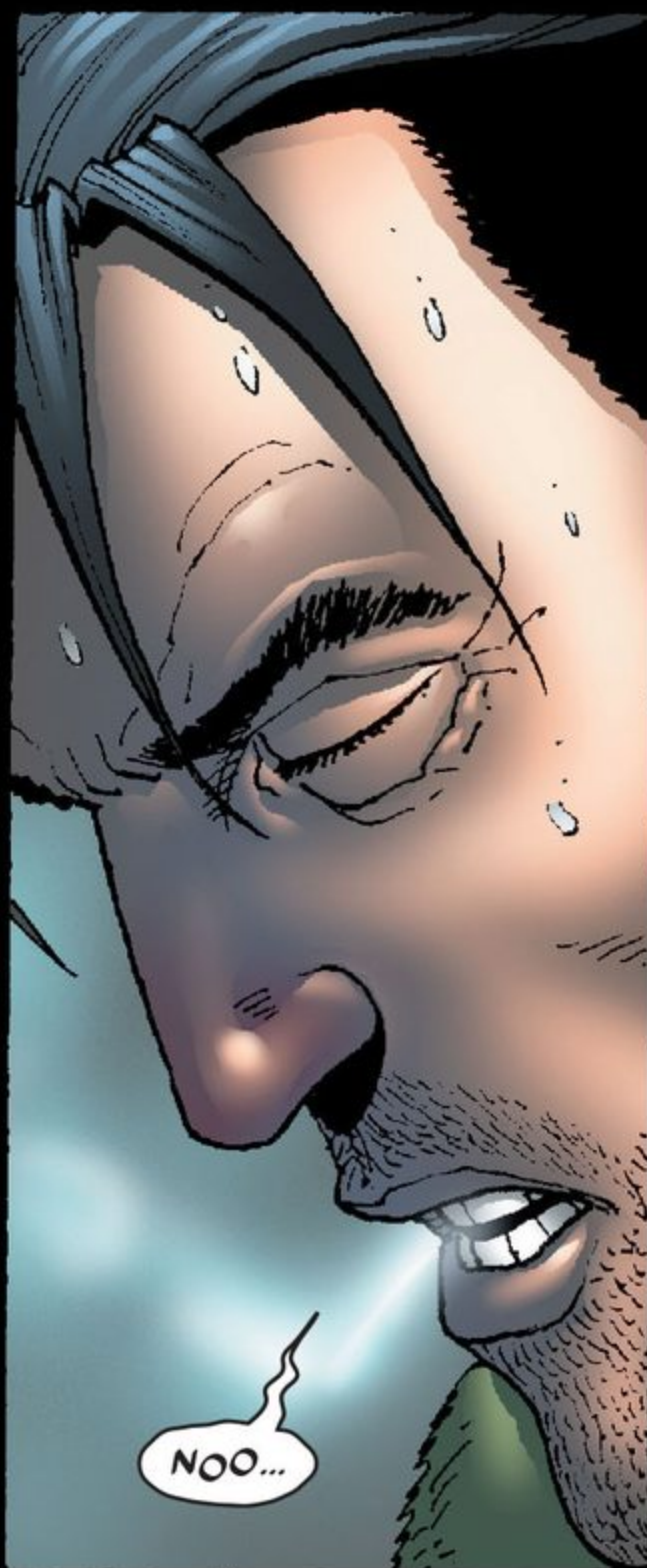
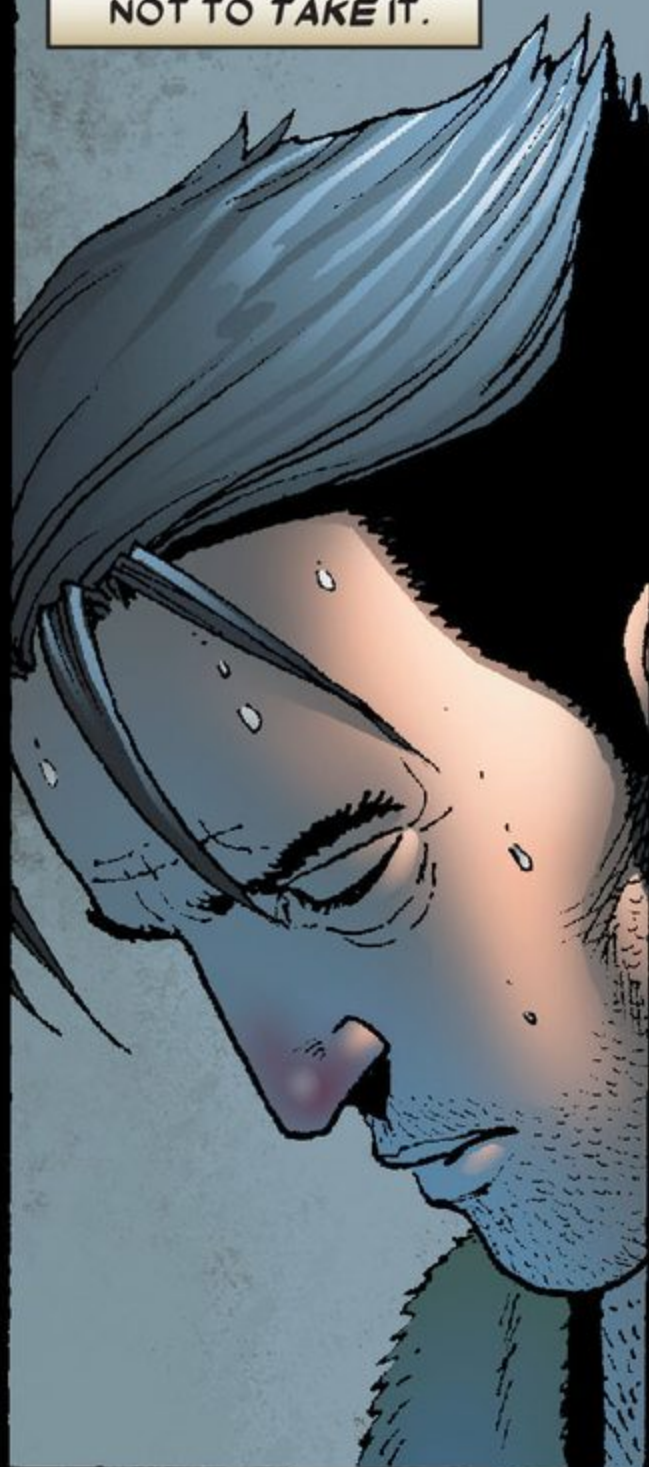


IT KEEPS WHISPERIN'
TO ME IN THE DARK,
SOOTHIN' ME, TELLIN'
ME THAT IT'LL TAKE
ALL THE PAIN AWAY.

TELLIN' ME
THAT THIS MIGHT
BE MY ONLY
CHANCE...



...AN' I'D BE A FOOL
NOT TO TAKE IT.



NO!

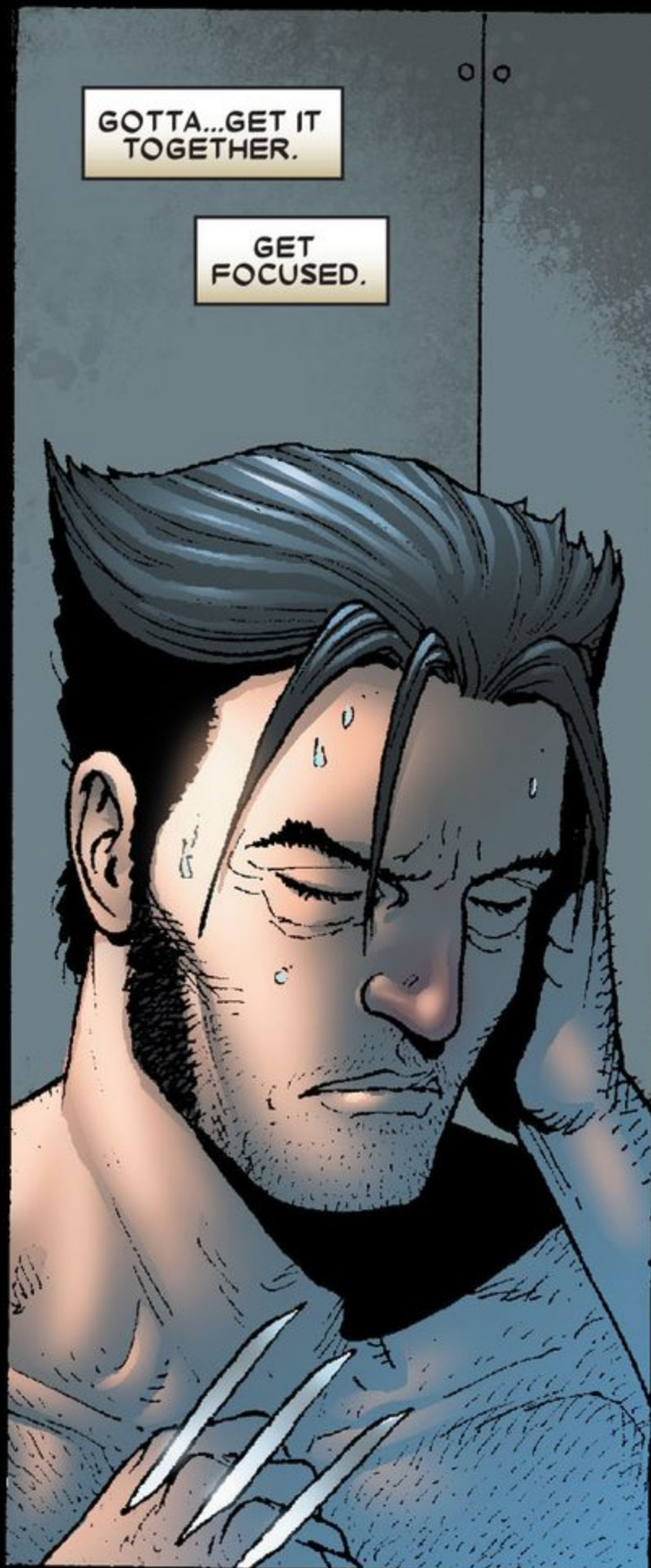
SS-SNKT!





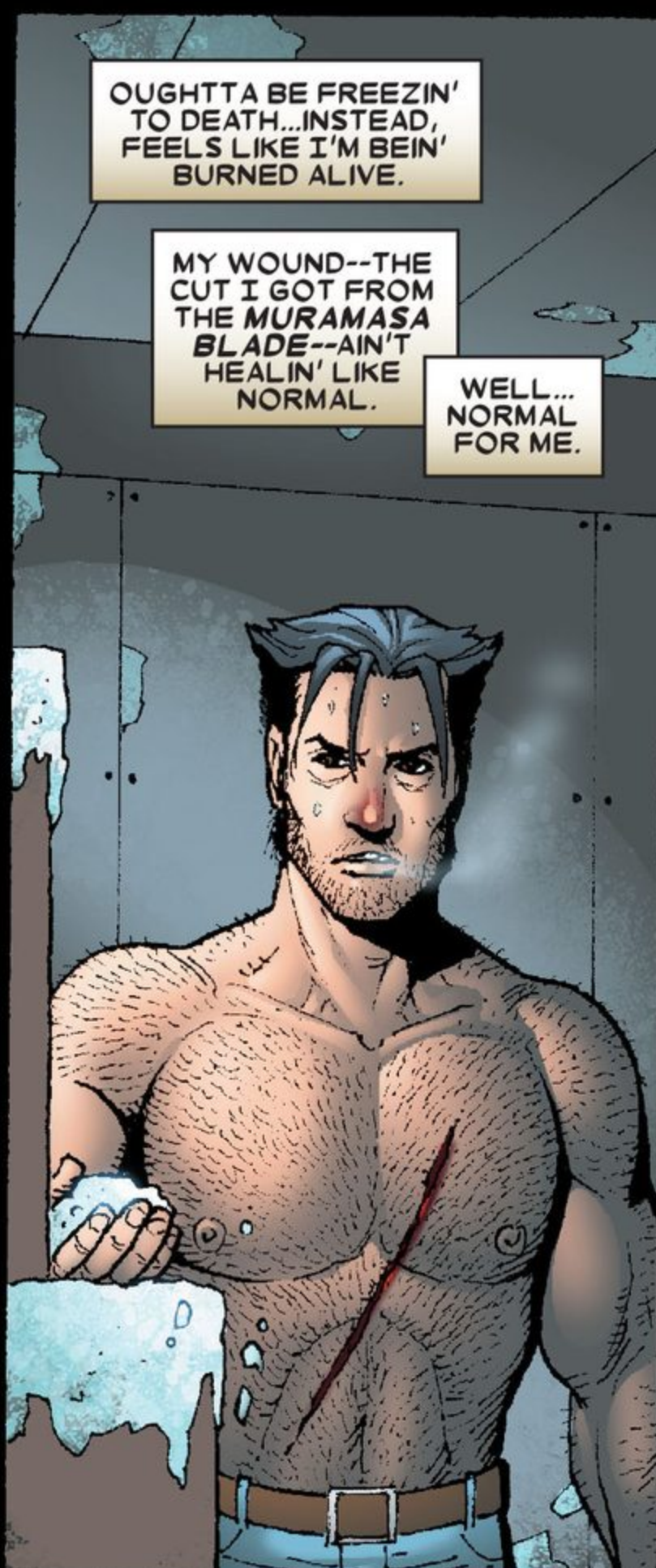
SAVIOR

PART ONE



GOTTA...GET IT TOGETHER.

GET FOCUSED.



OUGHTTA BE FREEZIN' TO DEATH...INSTEAD, FEELS LIKE I'M BEIN' BURNED ALIVE.

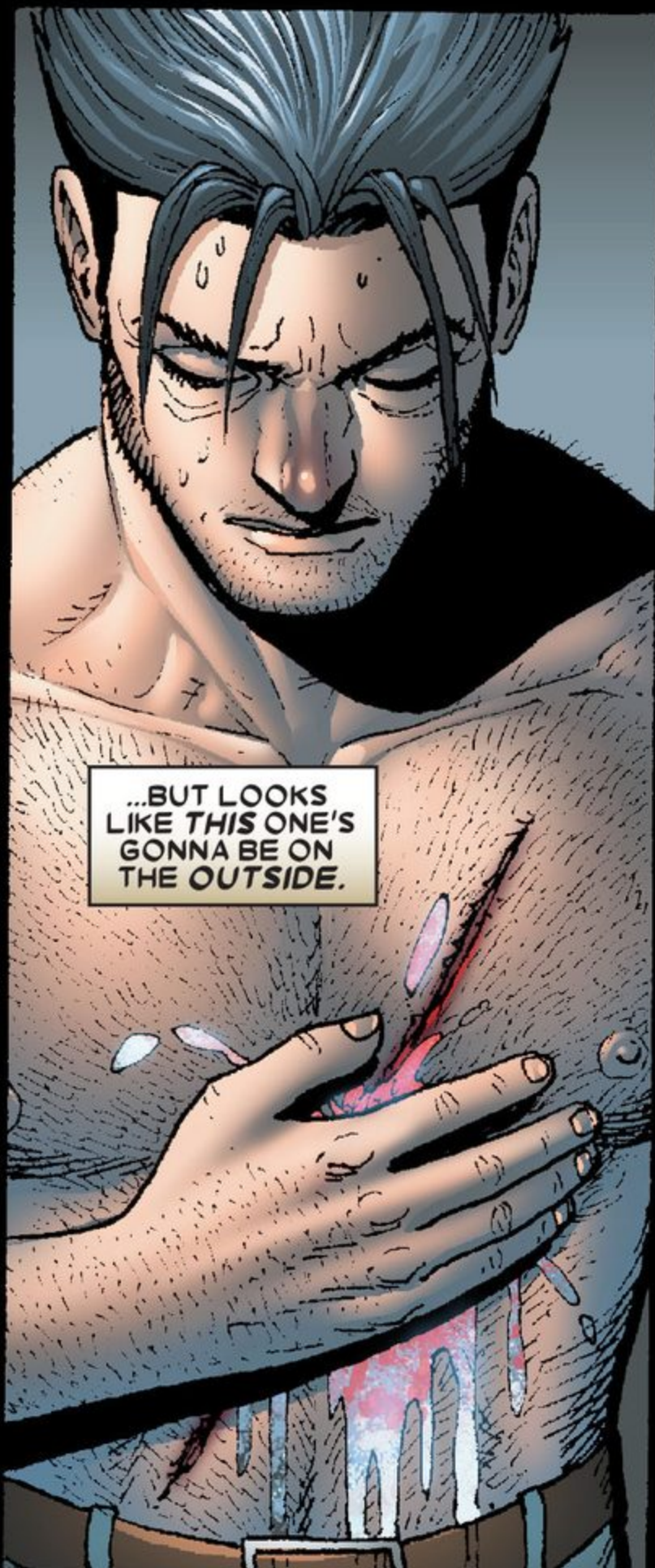
MY WOUND--THE CUT I GOT FROM THE MURAMASA BLADE--AIN'T HEALIN' LIKE NORMAL.

WELL... NORMAL FOR ME.



I GOT PLENTY OF SCARS...

YUAAAAHHH!



...BUT LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE'S GONNA BE ON THE OUTSIDE.



IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR I WAS SEASICK. LIKE I'M SWAYIN' BACK AN' FORTH BETWEEN GETTIN' BETTER AN' GETTIN' WORSE. LIKE MY HEALING FACTOR'S TRYIN' TO KICK IN, BUT CAN'T.

NNNGH...

NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE--

WAIT. NO.



I HAVE FELT THIS BEFORE.

DALLAS, TEXAS.
1963.



HEY!



I DID WHAT
YOU WANTED--
WHY'M I BEIN'
HELD?

I'M SUPPOSED
TO RENDEZVOUS
WITH THE REST OF
MY TEAM IN--

YOU WILL
RECEIVE YOUR
ORDERS SHORTLY,
AGENT LOGAN.



I ALREADY GOT
MY ORDERS!

WHAT
KINDA
BULL--

AGENT
LOGAN.



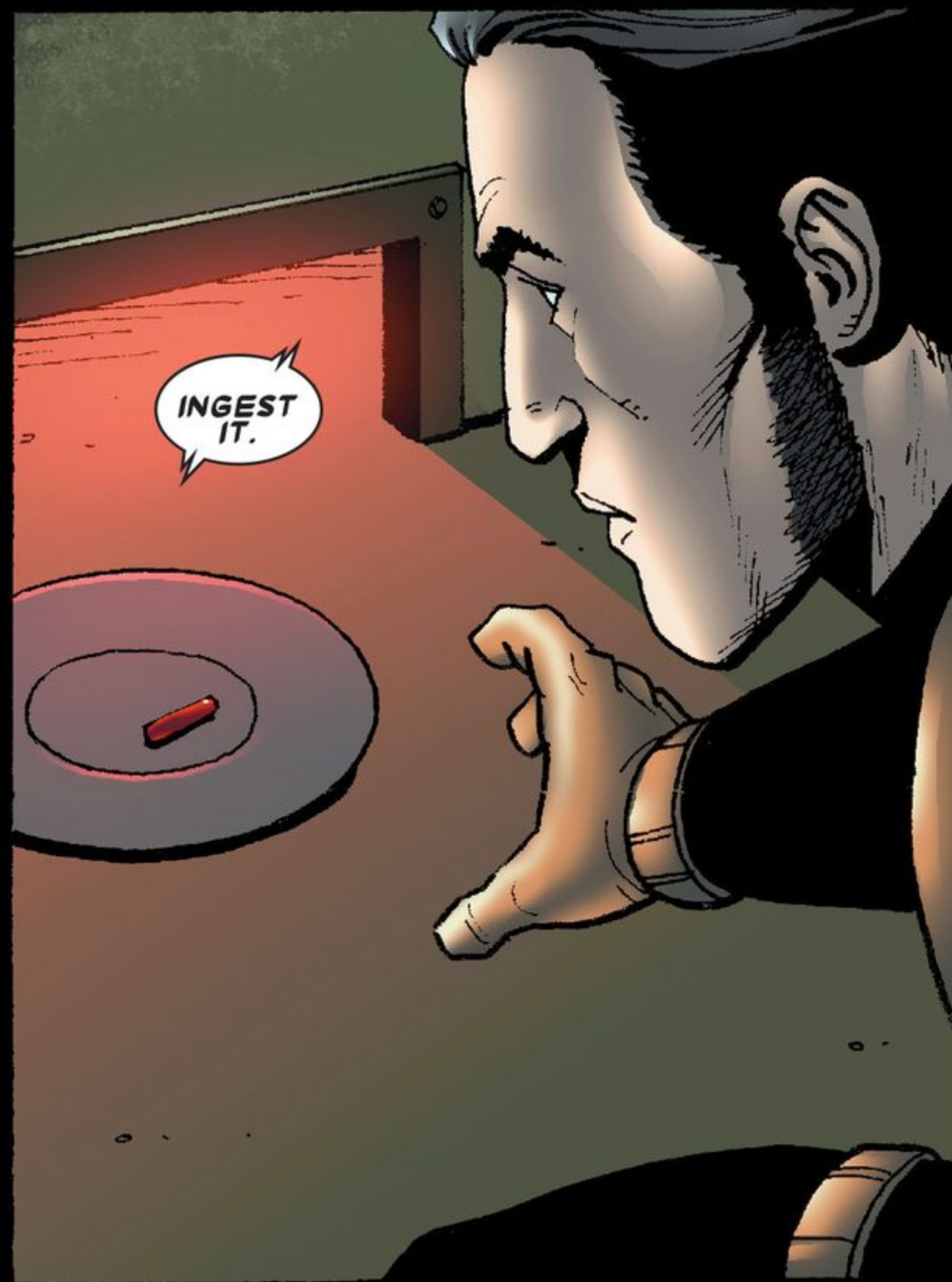
YOU HAVE
PERFORMED
ADMIRABLY IN
YOUR MISSION--OUR
OBJECTIVE HERE
IS COMPLETE.

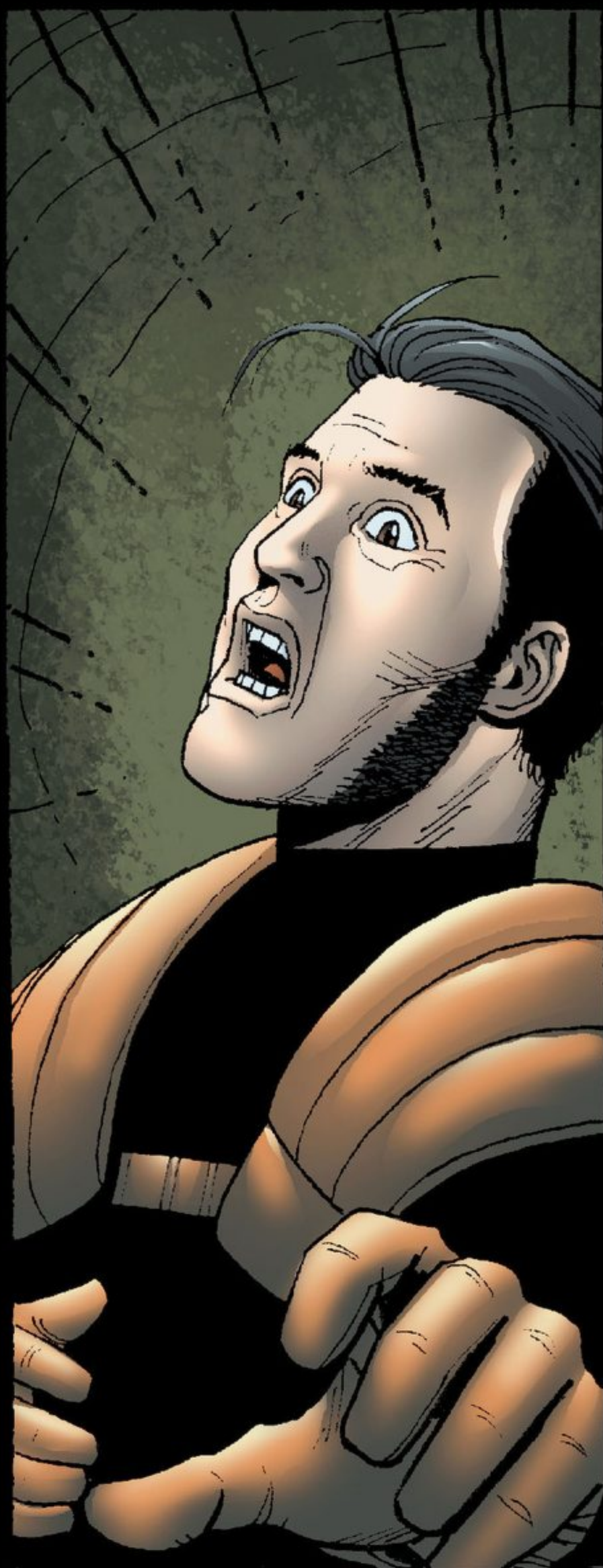
YIPPEE
FOR "US."

NOW LEMME
OUTTA THIS BOX
BEFORE THE WRONG
PEOPLE START
ASKIN' THE WRONG
QUES--



THERE IS
ONE MORE
THING YOU
MUST DO.







ARE YOUR MEN IN POSITION?

YES, OVER.



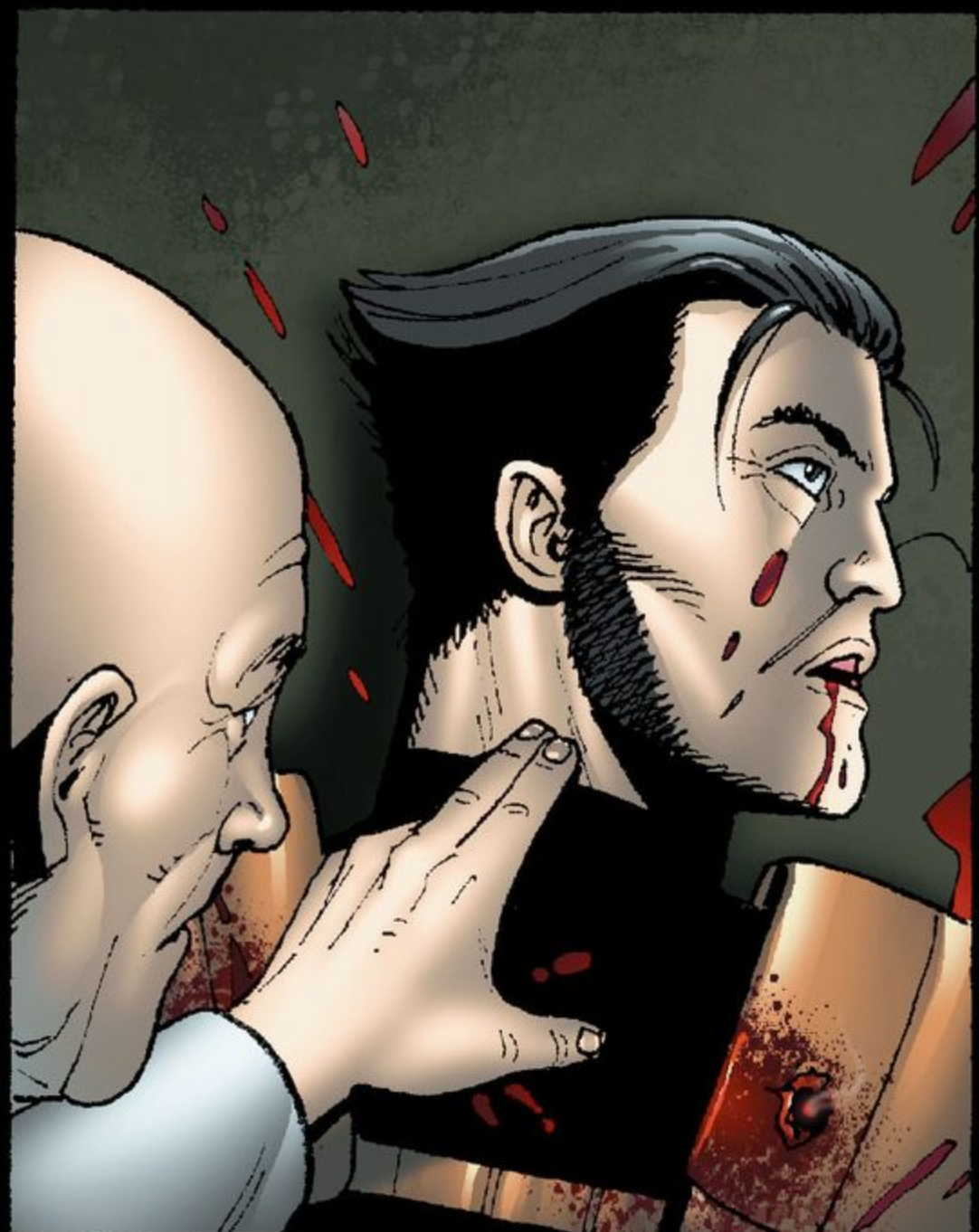
DIRTY...
...SONS
O'---



FIRE.

BRRATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT-ATT





!KOFF!
KOFF!
FIFTEEN
HUNDRED HOURS
!KOFF! FORTY-
ONE MINUTES.



SUBJECT X
IS CONFIRMED
DEAD.

CASE STUDY THREE-OH-FIVE,
EFFECTS OF CARBONADIUM
ON MUTANT REGENERATIVE
CAPABILITIES, COMMENCES
NOW.

K-KLANK!

THAT
SOUND...

THE FREIGHTER'S
BEIN' BOARDED.

I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO FIGURE
OUT HOW TO TAKE MY SON
DOWN--GET 'IM OUTTA THIS
WHOLE MESS--WITHOUT KILLIN'
'IM...CARBONADIUM'S THE KEY.

STUFF DOESN'T OCCUR
NATURALLY, THOUGH...IT
HAS TO BE SYNTHESIZED.

I GOTTA FIND
MAVERICK.

BUT FIRST, I
GOTTA GET OFF
THIS DAMN BOAT.



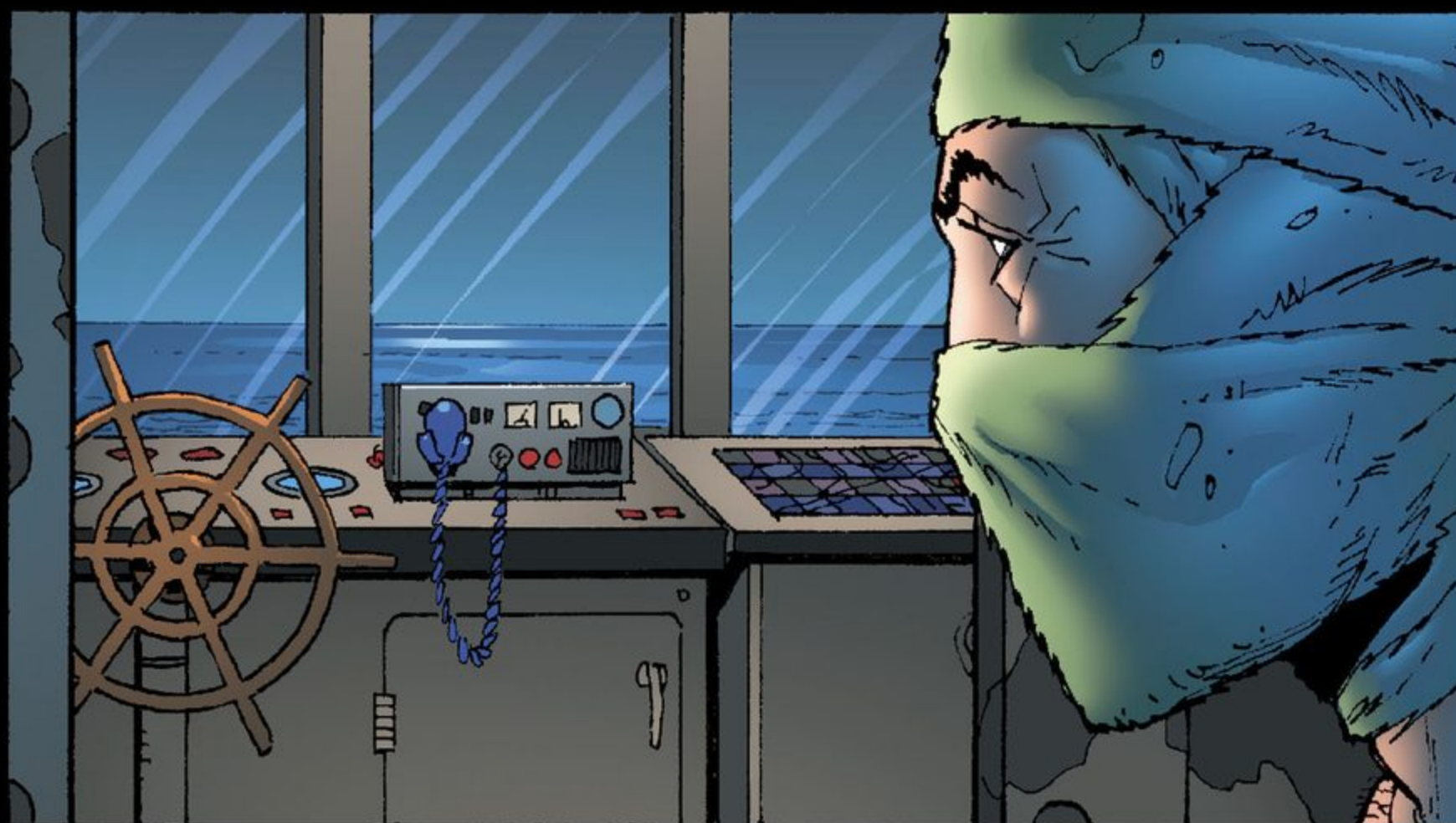
LOOKS LIKE THE
CAPTAIN AIN'T
EXACTLY BEIN'
COOPERATIVE.
NO SURPRISE
THERE.

FOR ALL HE KNOWS,
HE'S STILL GOT
THIRTY KILOS
OF HEROIN HIDDEN
IN THE FORWARD
COMPARTMENT.

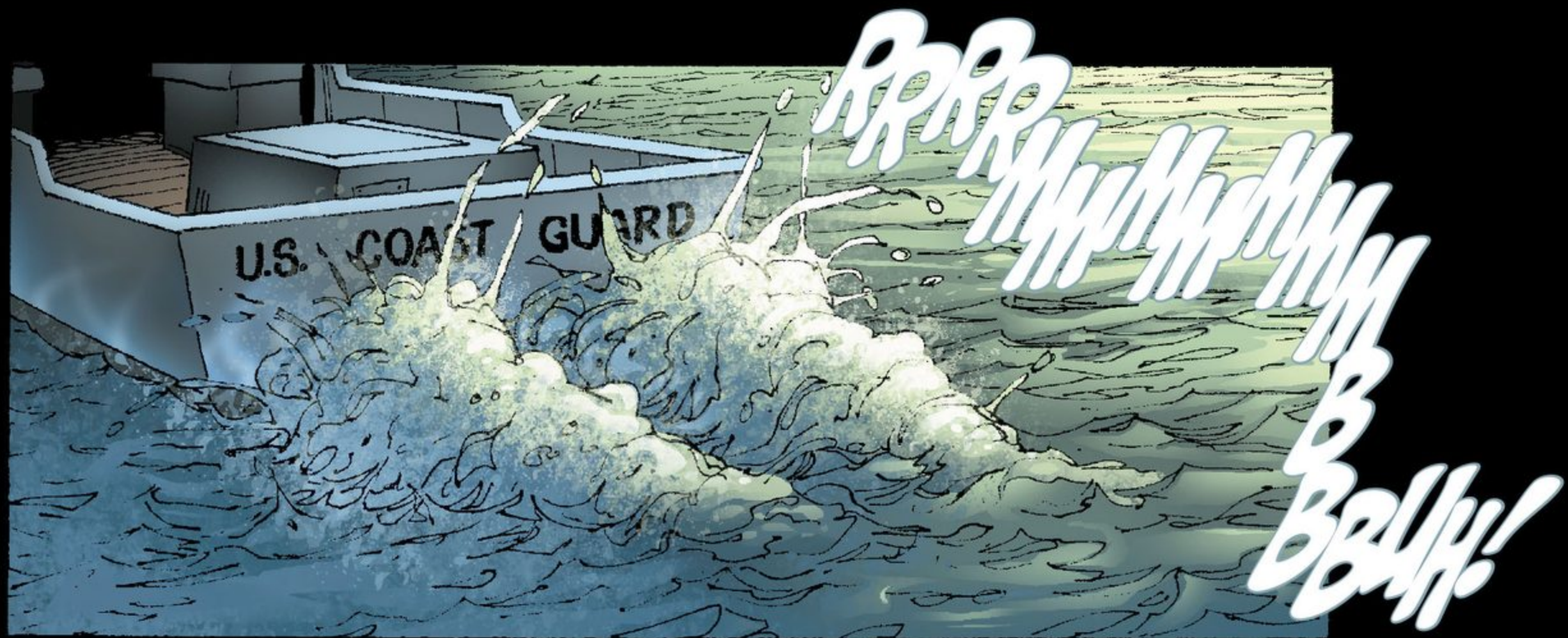
LOVE TO SEE
HIS FACE WHEN
HE FINDS OUT
HE DOESN'T.



BUT I'LL
BE LONG
GONE
BY THEN.







**S.H.I.E.L.D. ANTI-TERROR
TASKFORCE DIVISION,
CENTRAL RECORDS OFFICE:**

DUGAN

DUDE, CHECK OUT THE OLD MAN...

MAN, THAT GUY'S BEEN BUSTIN' MY STONES EVER SINCE HE GOT HERE!

I THOUGHT HE WAS A HOTSHOT FIELD COMMANDER-- WHAT'S HE DOING IN RECORDS?

DUDE, YOU DON'T KNOW?

THE ATTACK ON THE WHITE HOUSE? HE WAS THE GUY IN CHARGE WHEN ALL THAT WENT DOWN.

OHH...

OHH...

TOP BRASS SENT HIM DOWN HERE TO PUSH PAPERS...PROBABLY HOPING THAT THE OLD COOT WOULD RESIGN.

A comic book panel featuring a close-up of a blonde man in a blue uniform, looking down with a somber expression. In the background, a man with a red cap and a mustache, also in a blue uniform, is working at a desk. A speech bubble from the blonde man contains the text: "TOP BRASS SENT HIM DOWN HERE TO PUSH PAPERS...PROBABLY HOPING THAT THE OLD COOT WOULD RESIGN."

EITHER THAT,
OR **BLOW HIS OWN
BRAINS OUT FROM
SHEER BOREDOM,**
Y'KNOW WHAT
I'M--

A comic book panel featuring two characters. On the left is a man with a large, thick red mustache and short red hair. He has a stern, somewhat angry expression and is wearing a dark blue uniform with a white collar and a silver strap across his chest. On the right is a close-up of a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes, looking towards the man with the mustache. A speech bubble from the man with the mustache contains the text "SAYIN' ...?". The background is a plain, light tan color.



S-SIR?



GO
CHANGE
YOUR
PANTS.



YES,
SIR!

WHY WASN'T
THIS REPORT
FLAGGED?



I'LL, UH...YEAH,
HERE IT IS...

A, UM, COAST
GUARD CUTTER
WAS HIJACKED
WHILE ATTEMPTING TO
SEARCH AN INBOUND
FREIGHTER.

IT LOOKS
LIKE...WHAT THEY
HAVE HERE IS THAT THEY
BELIEVE IT WAS ONE
OF THE CREW MEMBERS
FROM THE FREIGHTER,
POSSIBLY IN AN ATTEMPT
TO AVOID--

I CAN READ
THE WORDS
ON THE PAPER,
SON.



UH, YES...
OF COURSE,
SIR.

WHAT'S THE
CROSS-ENTRY,
THERE?



LET'S SEE...OH, THE CUTTER WAS
FOUND LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS
LATER, ADRIPT IN PUGET
SOUND.

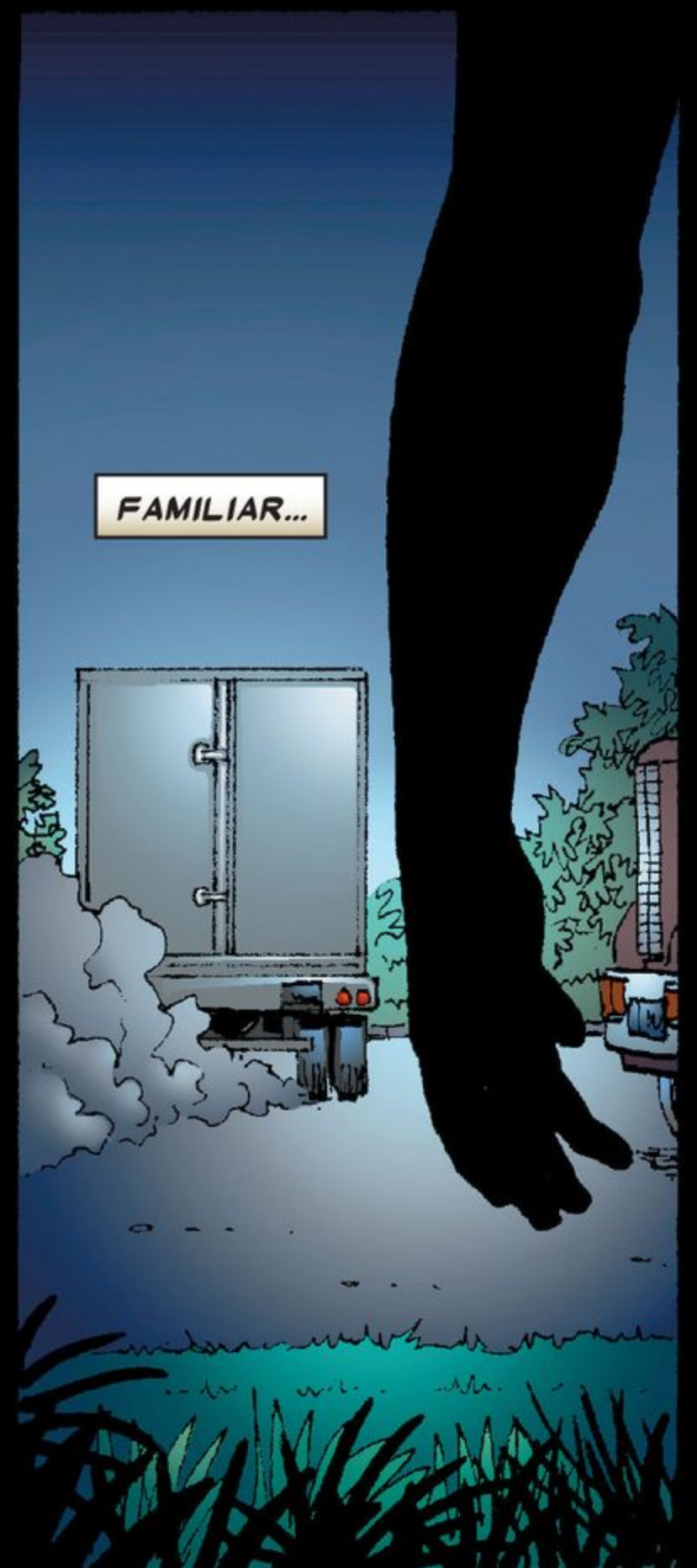
NO PRINTS
OTHER THAN
THOSE OF THE
CREW WERE
FOUND--

PUT ME IN
TOUCH WITH THE
SEATTLE FIELD
OFFICE.

NOW.









WHAT *IS*
THIS PLACE?



I KNOW A
LOTTA THESE
PEOPLE--
THEY'RE
MUTANTS.



OR, AT
LEAST, THEY
USED TO BE...



CHRISTOPHER
NORD.

MAVERICK.

I CAST FOR
A SCENT--
IT COMES
ALMOST
IMMEDIATELY:

THE MAN I'M
LOOKIN' FOR--
ONE OF MY
OLD TEAM X
PARTNERS.



BUT I CATCH
ANOTHER
SCENT, TOO.

AN' THIS TIME,
THERE'S NO
MISTAKIN'
WHOSE IT IS.





...WOLVIE?



I...SAW
YOU ON THE
SECURITY
CAMERA...

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?



JUBILEE--
GET DOWN!



NOW!





OMEGA
RED.

MAVERICK.

YOU WILL
GIVE ME NOW
WHAT IS
MINE, YES?